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Thomas Pennant.

THE

CASKET OF POESY;

CONSISTING OF DEVOTIONAL, MORAL,

AND DESCRIPTIVE PIECES,

FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS,

WITH SEVERAL

ORIGINAL POEMS.

What precious drops are these
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?

DRYDEN.

SCARBOROUGH:

PUBLISHED BY J. COLE, AND LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND J. TAYLOR, 162, GREAT SURREY STREET, LONDON.

1827.

280. o. 631.

TO THE VENERABLE

ARCHDN: WRANGHAM,

TO

REV. J. L. SISSON, D.D.

AND TO

SHAFTO CRASTER, ESQ.,

THIS LITTLE COLLECTION

IS WITH HIGH ESTEEM

INSCRIBED, BY

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

Among the first gems which present themselves on the opening of our 'Casket' are the "two celebrated pieces of Addison, illustrative of what the Author has inculcated in prose," and which Dr. Dibdin pronounces "perfect master-pieces of their kind." They are well known under the following verses:

When all thy mercies, O my God,
&c. &c. &c.
The spacious firmament on high
&c. &c. &c.

effusions, with more of the soul of true poetry about them than in the whole of his other metrical compositions." Our series is continued by selections from both the ancient and modern schools of Poesy; with what success they have been made must be left to the decision of my readers. A few *Originals* grace the pages toward the close of the volume, from the elegant pens of Archdeacon Wrangham, Dr. Sisson, Hermione, Malvina, T. and C. of Bridlington, &c.; all of whom are, with due deference, requested to accept of my best thanks.

Scarborough,
May, 1827.

J. Cole.

THE

Casket

OF

POESY.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r,
My soul took hold on thee.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wast not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the wind retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

ADDISON.

CREATION.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim;
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What tho', in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

PROVIDENCE.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile.

With sudden green and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

GRATITUDE.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, Im lost
In wonder, love and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hath doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thro' every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great first cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, uuknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quick'ned by thy breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

POPE.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

H. K. WHITE.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love:
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And ev'ry sense and ev'ry heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;

And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at morn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwinds wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore;
And humblest nature with Thy nothern blast.
  Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so soft'ning into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.

But wand'ring oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join ev'ry living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join! and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes;
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.—
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls!—be hush'd the prostrate world!
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,

Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows; the summer ray

Russets the plain; inspiring autumn gleams;
Or winter rises in the black'ning east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new pow'rs,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,

Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

THOMSON.

A MORNING HYMN.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us, invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowliest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye, in heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world, both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater, sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st

With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise!
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines
With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and on your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep:
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, Universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Has gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

A DIRGE.

'Earth to earth, and dust to dust!'
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king,
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
'Earth to earth, and dust to dust!'

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.

Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more,
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
'Earth to earth, and dust to dust!'

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last,
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil,
It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones:
Then ambition rue thy lust!—
'Earth to earth, and dust to dust!'

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the King shall shine;
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his state
Spirits with the crown and plume,
Tremble, then, thou silent tomb!
Heaven shall open to our sight,
Earth be turn'd to living light,
Kingdom's of the ransom'd just—
'Earth to earth, and dust to dust!'

Then thy mount Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem;
Then shall in the desert rise,
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God:

Till are dried the martyr's tears,
Through a glorious thousand years.
Now in hope of Him we trust—
'Earth to earth, and dust to dust.'

REV. G. CROLY.

AWAKE, SWEET HARP.

Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, oh where shall man retire,
T' escape the horrors of his ire?

'Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by:
God sees his Well-beloved's face.
And spares us in our hiding-place.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
Fall'n, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet courage—days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

H. K. WHITE.

FALL OF THE LEAF.

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound.

Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
Blighted whence, like us, ye fell:
Hear the lecture we are reading;
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much presuming
On your boasted white and red;
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

Griping misers, nightly waking,
See the end of all your care:
Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,
Flutt'ring high in fancied worth;
Lo the fickle air that raises,
Brings us down to parent-earth.

Learned sophs, in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call;
Cease at length, by us persuaded,
Every leaf must have it's fall.

Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to Autumn place.

Venerable sires, grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye;
Think, amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a Winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay;
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
"Heaven and earth shall pass away."

On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be stayed;
Which, alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a "leaf that shall not fade."

BISHOP HORNE.

MY NATIVE STREAM.

When childhood's buoyant tide flow'd bright,
I gazed upon my native stream;
Mild Ev'ning with her ling'ring light,
Threw o'er its waves her last red beam.

And then I said, "Flow tranquil on,
Clear emblem of my youthful mind;
Though others weep—I—I alone,
Nor pain nor woe can ever find."

I look'd again—when manhood's trace
Had ting'd my brow with sorrow's hue;
How diff'rent was it's once calm face,
How alter'd now it met my view!

A storm swept o'er its limpid course,
Its eddying waves were backward driv'n;
The rolling thunder, loud and hoarse,
Roar'd dismal through the blacken'd heaven.

I stood upon its moss-clad brink,
O'erhung with shrubs and wild-flow'rs twin'd;
And, ah! that stream, I sigh'd to think,
Was still the mirror of my mind!

CLIO.

AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

O thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh;
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey;
Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;

Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.
O! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep.
Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee.
Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know!
If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
And sin the graceful indignation raise.
My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
O may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume which thy wisdom made!
May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
To bring the eternal Author to my mind!
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll!

May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul
When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine!
  Grant I may ever at the morning ray,
Open with pray'r the consecrated day;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting sun ascend the skies;
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of consummate love;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.
And oh! permit the gloom of solemn night,
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
When this world's shut and awful planets rise,
Call on our minds and raise them to the skies;
Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
And show all nature in a milder light;

How ev'ry boist'rous thought in calm subsides!
How the smooth spirit into goodness glides!
Oh how divine! to tread the milky way,
To the bright palace of the Lord of Day;
His court admire, or for his favour sue,
Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew:
Pleas'd to look down and see the world asleep;
While I long vigils to its Founder keep!
Can'st thou not shake the centre? Oh control,
Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul.
Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.
O may I pant for thee in each desire!
And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,

Which in eternity's deep bosom lies!
At the great day of recompense behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
From age to age my grateful song repeat;
My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,
And rival angels in the praise of thee!

YOUNG.

LINES,

WRITTEN ONLY A WEEK PRIOR TO THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR.

As blooms the violet 'neath the thorn,
Or lily of the vale;
So bloom'd my friend in life's gay morn,
As sweetly and as frail.

When sickness came, the flowers decay'd
Beneath the noxious breeze—
And in the hallow'd spot was laid,
A faded form like these.

Yet say not *here* Antonio lies
Beneath the valley's clod—
The soul that knew o'er earth to rise,
Has gone to meet it's God.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

The Boares head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rose-mary,
And I pray you, masters, be merry
Quotquot estis in convivio;

* The above is the first Carol on printed Record—

CHORUS.

Caput Apri defero

Reddens laudes Domino.

The Boares head as I vnderstand
Is the brauest dish in all the land,
Being thus bedeck'd with a gay garland;
Let vs servire cantico;

CHORUS.

Caput Apri defero, &c.

---

about 300 years old; as it is sung in the hall of Queen's College Oxford, at Christmas. (Dibdin.) "When the first course is served up in the refectory on Christmas day, in the said College, the Manciple brings a Boar's Head from the kitchen, up to the high table, accompanied with one of the Taberders, who lays his hand on the charger. The Taberder sings the above song, and when they come to the chorus, all the Members that are in the refectory join together and sing it." (Anthony a Wood.)

Our Steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss,
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensi atrio;

Chorus.

Caput Apri defero, &c.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Sing Jehovah, man become,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb;
Ev'ry age and sex, adore,
Love supreme and boundless power.
In triumphant shouts of praise,
All at once your voices raise:
All in harmony conspire,
Full and perfect be the choir.

Sons of Levi, lead the band,
Quickly rouse each slumb'ring land;
On the silver trumpets swell
Tidings of salvation tell.
Tender youths and virgins fair,
Hallelujahs all prepare;
With the softly warbling flute
Join the sweetly sounding lute.

Happy souls advanc'd in grace,
Louder chaunt Jehovah's praise;
Wake the harp, thro' ev'ry string,
To the high-tun'd cymbal sing.
Hark, the pealing organ's voice!
All with one accord rejoice;
All, in cheerful happy union cry,
Glory be to God on high!

THE FIRE-SIDE.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world, we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;

And they are fools who roam :
The world has nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark ;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a spring
  Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
  And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
  And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
  And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd! joys they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
  Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;

We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large indeed!
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
What e'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r:
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n:
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, thro' life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
With cautious steps we'll tread;

Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

COTTON.

TO THE RISING SUN.

Sweet orb! how fair dost thou appear
Emerging from thy wat'ry bed!
The shades that veil'd our hemisphere
Before thy presence all are fled!

To thee we owe the cheerful day,
And all the vegetable world;—
Creation soon but for thy ray,
To ancient chaos would be hurl'd!

Thou speak'st the wonder-working hand,
The powerful wisdom of our God,
And, like Himself, thro' ev'ry land
Dost shed thine influence abroad!

I love, in thy refulgence bright,
To contemplate His works below:
And rise, thro' these, to worlds of light,
Where more resplendent planets glow!

But, ah! fair orb! how faint thy gleam!
How mean the blessings thou canst give,
Compared with His more glorious beam,
Beneath whose ray believers live!

'Tis Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
Who drives the shadows from the breast!
Gives to the troubled conscience peace,
And makes the soul supremely blest!

Did thousand suns around me shine,
All would be gloom without His light!
And darkest caves if He were mine,
Would seem divinely fair and bright!

Dear Saviour, o'er my bosom still
Thy sacred, healing beams display!
And guide me to thy holy hill,
Where reigns an endless, blissful day!

TO THE SETTING SUN.

Fair orb of the evening, how glorious thy ray,
Thy splendour how lovely, how holy thy light;
Thou seemest to bid a farewell to the day,
And to hail the approach of all-shadowing night.
With pleasure I view thee, yet mingled with sadness,
As I think how the glory of day-light is fled,
That past are the hours of life and of gladness,
That vanished is beauty, and nature is dead:
But yet I'll not view thee with feelings of sorrow,
For glory and gladness will burst out again,
And nature will rise with the sun of to-morrow,
And beauty and life will revisit the plain.

Still, still thou dost tell me the night of the grave
To the day-time of life will too quickly succeed,
When the charms of the fair and the deeds of the brave,
And the poet that sung them there's no one will heed.
But oh ! there's a morning, whose dawning so bright,
Shall rouse man from his slumbers to beauty and bloom ;
A sun shall arise, and his glorious light,
Shall scatter the clouds which hang over the tomb.

THE RETURN.

From the far west where Dee, the princely halls
Of Eaton leaving and it's proud domains,

Close at my garden's foot by Cestria's walls
Rolls his full tide, I turn to other plains—
Where, throned in rural quiet, Nature reigns;
And as I rove her happy scenes among,
Not one light sigh my gladden'd spirit deigns
(Though some were valued) to the city-throng:
Here purer sweeps the breeze, here flows a softer song.

Mark'd from my window at the call of spring,
The bursting orchard spreads it's gaudiest bloom;
The lambkin bleats, the rook is on the wing,
And every twittering hedge-row breathes perfume:
And from each nectar'd flower ascends the hum,
Where clustering thick the busy hive is met
In yellow lustre glows the golden broom,

'Mid the dark grass the primrose-star is set,
And on it's dewy bank sleeps the sweet violet.

The village-clock has chimed it's simple peal—
My books thrown by, across the daisied mead,
Or where the sheep-track slopes into the dell,
I stroll—and muse on many a gallant deed,
Wrought by my country in her hour of need—
When, hark! the cuckow from her secret shrine,
A living echo, snaps the air-hung thread;
And her loved haunts reluctant to resign,
Pauses by fits the hare, and says, "These realms are mine."

But chiefly thee, thou blue resounding main,
I see, I hear—as with yon rocky bar,*
Which flings it's arms athwart thy mighty reign,

* Filey Bridge.

Vainly thou wagest an eternal war;
Thy foamy crest is visible afar,
The fisher's skiff is tossing on the surge:
Here giant crags† oppose thy billows' jar,
Whence their scared flight the screaming sea-mews urge;
There Scarbro's castled cliff indents th' horizon's verge.

Yet lovelier far and welcomer to me
Whom late I left in Autumn's sere decay
Mourning my loss, mine own ACACIA-TREE,
Thou hail'st me back in all thy green array!
O still thy tall and graceful stem display,
When He who rear'd to other worlds is gone—
Memorial of a Master pass'd away,

† Flambro' Head.

Wave still thy boughs; in lieu of funeral stone,
And be his name by thee, to coming days made
known. WRANGHAM.

HOW JOYOUS WILL THAT MOMENT BE.

How joyous will that moment be
When first from mortal fetters freed,
This drear abode we willing flee,
And soaring swift to bliss we speed:

So strange, so sweet that change will come,
With wondering joy our spirits rise
In glory to that long lost home
We oft have sought with weeping eyes;

The sufferer 'mid his dying strife,
  Ne'er felt such balm his soul surprise,
When he who call'd him first to life,
  From Death's chill couch once bade him rise.

Such glowing life, or beauty bright,
  Ne'er on the blind fresh vision broke,
When he who said, 'Let there be light,'
  Again that word in mercy spoke.

'Tis still his voice that bids us rise,
  When Death's dark shade has o'er us pass'd,
It is not life, but death that dies,
  When the thick shroud is round us cast:

Tho' mortals weep a creature dead,
  Yet angels hail a brother born;
The body sinks to night's dark bed,
  The spirit hails an endless morn.

ROSE.

THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild:
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain!
When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in æther blue,
To dip the sithe in fragrant dew:
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.
Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild Nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:

In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the spaniel's airy bounds:
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.
For them the moon, with cloudless ray,
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve:
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopy to close

Their drooping eyes in quick repose.
Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol on the new mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's ancient nest.
Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's shades embowers:
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bee's in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Decease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:

But when their temples long have wore,
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

WARTON.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given:
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,

Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

MOORE.

NATURE.

The fair smile of morning,
The glory of noon,
The bright stars adorning,
The path of the moon,
The mist-cover'd mountain,
The valley and plain,

The lake and the fountain,
The river and main,
Their magic combining,
Illume and controul,
The care and repining
That darken the soul.

The timid spring, stealing
Through light and perfume;
The Summer's revealing
Of beauty and bloom;
The rich Autumn, glowing
With fruit treasures crown'd;
The pale Winter throwing,
His snow-wreaths around
All these producing,
A charm on the earth,

Wake loftier musing
And holier mirth,

There is not a sorrow
That hath not a balm
From nature to borrow,
In tempest or calm;
There is not a season,
There is not a scene,
But Fancy and Reason
May gaze on serene,
And own its possessing
A zest for the glad,
A solace and blessing
To comfort the sad.

FAITH.

Thy triumphs, Faith, we need not take
Alone for the blest martyr's stake;
In scenes obscure, no less we see
That faith is a reality.
An evidence of things not seen,
A substance firm whereon to lean.
Go search the cottager's lone room,
The day scarce piercing thro' the gloom;
The Christian on his dying bed
Unknown, unlettered, hardly fed;
No flatt'ring witnesses attend,
To tell how glorious was his end;
Save in the book of life, his name
Unheard, he never dreamt of fame.
No human consolation near,

No voice to soothe, no friend to cheer:
Of every earthly stay bereft,
And nothing—but his Saviour left,
Fast sinking to his kindred dust,
The Word of Life is still his trust.
The joys God's promises impart
Lie like a cordial at his heart;
Unshaken faith it's strength supplies,
He loves, believes, adores, and dies.

MRS. H. MORE.

WHO ARE THESE ARRAY'D IN WHITE.

Who are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-tide sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?

These are they that bore the cross,
  Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause;
  Followers of the Lamb of God.

Out of great distress they came:
  Wash'd their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
  Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
  Serve their Master day and night;
God resides among his own,
  God doth in his saints delight.

More than conquerors at last,
  Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
  Hunger now and thirst no more:

No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's director ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed;
With the Tree of Life sustain,
To the living fountains lead:
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove;
Wipe the tears from every face;
Fill up every soul with love.

WESLEY.

NATIVE SCENES.

O Native scenes, nought to my heart clings nearer
Than you, ye Edens of my youthful hours;
Nought in this world warms my affections dearer,
Than you, ye plains of white and yellow flowers;
Ye hawthorn hedge-rows and ye woodbine bowers,
Where youth has roved, and still where manhood roves,
The pasture pathway 'neath the willow groves,
Ah, as my eye looks o'er those lovely scenes,
All the delights of former life beholding;
Spite of the pain, the care that intervenes,—
When loved remembrance in her bliss unfolding,
Picking her childish posies on your greens,—
My soul can pause o'er its distress awhile,
And sorrow's cheek find leisure for a smile.

CLARE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Flowers wherefore do ye bloom?

A. We strew thy pathway to the tomb.

Q. Stars, wherefore do ye rise?

A. To light thy spirit to the skies.

Q. Fair moon, why dost thou wane?

A. That I may wax again.

Q. O sun, what makes thy beams so bright?

A. The word that said,—"Let there be light."

Q. Time, whither dost thou flee?

A. I travel to eternity.

Q. Eternity, what art thou, say?

A. I was, am, will be evermore—*to-day*.

Q. Nature, whence sprang thy glorious frame?
A. My Maker called me, and I came.

Q. Winds, whence and whither do ye blow?
A. Thou must be "born again" to know.

Q. Ocean, what rules thy swell and fall?
A. The might of Him that ruleth all.

Q. Planets, what guides you in your course?
A. Unfelt, unseen, unfailing force.

Q. O life, what is thy breath?
A. A vapour vanishing in death.

Q. O grave where is thy victory?
A. Ask him who rose again from me.

Q. O death, where ends thy strife?
A. In everlasting life.

MONTGOMERY.

KNOW THYSELF.

To know ourselves—how hard the task!
Whilst pride conceals th' unwelcome truth;
From our own faults to pluck the mask,
Is difficult for age, as youth.

May gracious heaven to me impart
Such portion of that skill divine,
As may ameliorate my heart,
And check each sinful thought of mine.

SISSON.

THE MORNING FLOWERS.

The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold;
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than Spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
And short-lived beauties die away.

Yet these new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If Heaven shall recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the Word of God remains.

C. WESLEY.

THE PRINCE OF SALEM.

When Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethel's shepherds through the night,
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light.

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujah's stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptur'd soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates to shower,
Effulgence on the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heav'n with songs of triumph rung,
While Angels thus with rapture sung.

O Zion! lift thy longing eye,
The long expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, mercy from her golden urn,
Pours comfort's streams to those that mourn;
Behold her bind, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes! to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his hosts depart;
Again the Day-Star gilds the gloom;
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

O Zion! lift thy longing eye,
The long expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

CAMPBELL.

HOPE.

Hope, on her anchor leaning, stands secure,
Her ground immutable, her prospects sure,
Calm, in the midst of the surrounding storm,
And in the calmest scene, devoutly warm.
Such is the *Christian's hope*, but hopes there are
Which lead to disappointment and despair,
Founded on quick-sands which must soon give way,
And sink the soul that trusts them in dismay.

Behold yon ship by dreadful tempests hurl'd,
From wave to wave along the watery world;
Now, deep beneath the swelling surge it lies,
And now, the billows lift it to the skies;
The sailors ply their utmost skill and strength,
And struggle with destruction, till at length
Worn out with fruitless toil, the helpless crew
Sink in despair, with only death in view.
Yet lo! superior to this darksome night,
Fair Hope appears in robes of heavenly light;
Now, o'er their heads the parting clouds display
A speck of azure and a glimpse of day;
Swift, as that light darts thro' the gloomy air,
Fair Hope descends, and banishes despair.
To men like these, how welcome such a sight!
Their eyes how glad to meet long absent light!
How does the cheering passion kindle round!

Thus let the christian with admiring eye
Behold on Calvary the *Day Star* rise.
God gave his well-beloved, his only Son,
That by his death he might for sin atone:
From seats of happiness, the heavens above,
The Son descends upon the wings of love,
To shed the dawn of everlasting day,
And light the weary pilgrim on his way.
Jesus the *Saviour, has atonement made!*
Jesus the *Surety, all the debt has paid!*
This is the ground where hope of glory stan
And boundless prospect of delight commands;
This is the only way, and this the road,
From sin and death to holiness and God:
All other paths to hopeless ruin tend,
And must at length in hopless ruin end.

Search nature's volume through, and thou shalt see
In every flower, and plant, and bush, and tree,
The footsteps of a God are left behind;
But God himself in these thou canst not find;
Or lift thine eyes, and through the trackless air,
Enquire his name of every rolling star;
Ask them who gave their lucid substance birth,
And taught their wond'rous influence on the earth,
They'll tell thee all, as in their spheres they shine,
Their lustre's borrow'd from a bouudless mine;
God, they proclaim to all the worlds around,
From Albion's shore, to Earth's remotest bound;
But what his name, his nature, or his will,
Their silent beams in darkness leave thee still.
His name's a secret thou shalt never know,
From aught above the stars, or aught below;

Till through thy heart he makes each letter shine
In Crimson characters of blood divine!
God is the Ocean of delight unknown
That fills the happy myriads round his throne;
Grace from this Ocean like a river rose,
And back to God with ceaseless motion flows;
Mercy's fair Vessel on this river sails
Safe to the port of heaven nor ever fails.
No storms can sink the souls that venture here,
This hope was never *conquer'd* by despair;
This is the stable anchor of the soul,
That fix'd abides while tempests round it roll:
Long is the cable but *its hold* is *sure*,
The *saints* shall *triumph*, *but* they *must endure*.

HINDERWELL.

THROUGH SHADES AND SOLITUDES PROFOUND.

Through shades and solitudes profound
The fainting traveller winds his way;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she 'sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night!

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below,
Pursue the phantom Bliss, in vain;
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain!

Till mild Religion, from above,
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of holy love,
The bow of promise in a storm!

Then guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease,
Religion's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach the Grave appears
The gate of Paradise restored;
Her voice the watching Cherub hears,
And drops his double flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain;
Rise when the Hosts of Heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign.

MONTGOMERY.

ADDRESS TO CHARITY.

Hail Charity! propitious pow'r,
'Tis thine to ease the aching breast,
To soothe the sad distressful hour,
And shed the balm of downy rest.

O! hear the suff'ring mourner's prayer,
His tender plaint—his piteous cry,
With hand indulgent wipe the tear,
From sad affliction's gushing eye.

Kind Charity! celestial guest,
Swift from the azure sky descend,
Diffuse thy spirit through each breast,
And all thy genial influence lend.

HINDERWELL.

ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long expected flowers,
And wake the purple year!

The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the Cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
  While, wisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
  Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
  A broader, browner, shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
  O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
  How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
  How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,

In fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
Thy painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set thy spring is gone—
We frolic, while 'tis May.

GRAY.

THE BANK OF THE RIVER OF DEATH.

Parting soul! The flood awaits thee,
And the billows round thee roar;
And look on—the crystal city
Stands on yon celestial shore!
There are crowns and thrones of glory;
There the living waters glide;
There the just, in shining raiment,
Wander by EMMANUEL's side.

Linger not—the stream is narrow,
Though its cold dark waters rise;
HE who passed the flood before thee,
Guides thy path to yonder skies:
Hark! the sound of angels' hymnings
Rolls harmonious o'er thine ear;

See! the walls and golden portals
Through the mist of death appear.

Soul adieu!—This gloomy sojourn
Holds thy captive feet no more;
Flesh is dropt, and sin forsaken;
Sorrow done, and weeping o'er.
Through the tears thy friends are shedding,
Smiles of hope serenely shine;
Not a friend remains behind thee,
But would change his lot for thine.

EDMESTON.

THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove,
Attendant on the spring!

Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heav'n is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wand'ring in the wood,
To pull the flow'rs so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st the vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
The sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee:
We'd make with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

LOGAN.

LIFE AND DEATH.

There is a life of guilty joy,
A transient dream—a fitful toy,
And, for its end, the dread alloy
Of endless woe is given :—
There is a Life of soothing flow,
Of hope on high and peace below,
Of blameless mirth, and cheerful glow,
That knows no end—but HEAVEN !

Hast thou not tried the earthly ?—say
Are not its pleasures for a day ?
Its splendours vanishing away ?
O try the Lord and prove him !
He vails his face, but not in wrath ;
No eye hath seen the glorious path,

The things thy Heavenly Father hath
Prepared for those that love him!
Let earthly things arrest thee not:—
There is above a brighter spot,
And power to gain that blessed lot
To thee is freely given.
Seek not on earth thy Paradise;—
Its hopes are vain—its friendship flies;
And O! for thee prepared there is
A Paradise in Heaven!

CHRISTIANUS LAICUS.

TO A LADY,

With King's "*Hymns to the Divine Being.*"

This little book of hymns divine,
Where truth and sweetness blend,

To blooming Anna I consign,
The present of a friend.
And may some beam of heavenly light
Illuminate the theme,
And in her youthful breast excite
Pure love to the Supreme.

To guide thy steps in wisdom's ways,
With admonitions kind,
I seek thy nobler powers to raise,
And elevate thy mind—
Buoyant above the world's low cares,
And fashion's giddy rage,
From vice's fascinating snares,
To guard thy pilgrimage.

Hast thou not seen the beauteous flower
Its summer tints display?

Ah ! tints within one little hour
  Predestin'd to decay !
The charms that dazzle in the face
  Of Albion's fairest maid,
The hue of health, the form of grace,
  Too like that flower shall fade.

With scrutinizing eye survey
  Gay fashion's giddy round,
And midst her wheel of mirth oh ! say,
  Can happiness be found ?
The rout, the ball, the masquerade,
  The opera and the play,
To dissipate dull time were made
  And steal the hours away.

To Zion's harmony divine,
  Devote the tuneful lyre,

And let her sacred songs combine
To wake celestial fire,
And let a dying Saviours throes
Thy grateful accents raise;
(Mindful for whom he bore those woes,)
In hymns of joy and praise.

Should sorrow's tempests hem thee round,
(For sorrow will assail
E'en breasts like thine, tho' gentlest found
And turn health's roses pale;)
Religion rob'd in heaven's own light
Will take an Angel's form,
Instant dispel the gather'd night,
And bear thee thro' the storm.

And when the trumpets last dread sound
The Universe shall shake,

And sudden from the yawning ground
The astonished dead awake,
Her faith-plumed wings she will afford
To waft thee to the skies,
There from thy Saviour and thy Lord
To bear the immortal prize.

HINDERWELL.

SERENE DEATH.

Oh! might I choose how I should die,
And pass above;
It were with those companions by,
Whom most I love:
And if a tear fell on my face
From some fond eye,

I would it fell inspired by grace,—
By faith each sigh:
So that the pang weak creatures feel
When friends depart,
A moment o'er the face might steal,
Not reach the heart.
Near me a soft low voice should raise
Some holy air;
Some farewell vesper song of praise,
Or verse of prayer.
It were a pleasant thing to think,
In yon bright seat,
The sounds I heard on Earth's last brink,
Were hymn notes sweet.
The links of nature gently falling,
The soul all calm;

Here nothing could be found appalling—
Death like a balm!
In Death like this to pass away,
How sweet a thing!
And even in its grasp to say,
'Death has no sting!'

EDMESTON.

STANZAS

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING WESTON FAVELL, AND THE HOUSE, DEATH-CHAMBER, CHURCH, AND TOMB OF HERVEY.

From Granta's classic shades, and antique tow'rs,
A wand'ring minstrel, pensively I stray'd,
Where silver Nine his urn exhaustless pours,
In mournful murmurs thro' th' enamell'd glade,

To seek that solemn, consecrated spot!
Where once great Hervey! free from worldly strife,
Enjoy'd the parish pastor's humble lot,
And led his rural charge to streams of life.

Where oft when red-wing'd dawn flush'd o'er the east,
Ere slumb'ring hinds had left the moss-roof'd shed,
His heav'nly mind enjoy'd the mental feast,
While blushing Flora's dulcet page he read.

In ev'ry star-like gem, or op'ning bell,
In ev'ry leaf, in ev'ry blade that grew,
The heav'nly comtemplatest mark'd full well
The hand of God! in one extensive view.

The flow'ry tribes to his deep-searching eye,
Blushing, their varied beauties did disclose;

The rolling systems of the blue-coped sky,
In brighter constellations for him rose.

Celestial worlds, his penetrating gaze
Could view in all their glorious light unveil'd,
And thy vast field's illimitable space
From his exalted mind ne'er ought conceal'd.

For him the blazing comet's devious course
Was seen through trackless fields of space to run,
To aid his muse with energy and force,
And gild his page with glory's brightest sun !

For him terrific Death new forms assumed,
The grave her dreary caverns did disclose,
And future state to Virtue's children bloom'd,
Or thunder'd maledictions on her foes.

'Twas thine, celestial Hervey! to illume
With Hope's bright day-spring e'en the sombre grave,
To shed a halo o'er the mould'ring tomb,
And bid the weakest soul the future brave.

Thy bright example taught the timid soul
Through Death's dark vale with dauntless feet to tread,
And cheerful to the weary distant goal
By Calv'ry's cross the pilgrim's footsteps led.

Oft have I read thy soul inspiring page,
Till magic Fancy's visionary eye
Has wafted me from Time's bewild'ring stage
To the vast realms of deep Eternity.

Now, Theron, o'er thy tomb I've drop'd the tear
Thy sainted ashes from the wand'rer claim,
And oft shall fleet-wing'd thought conduct me there,
To read the simple record of thy name.

There need'st no proud mausoleum sculptured fair
A transient lustre to thy name to give;
The simple slab, preserved with pious care,
Shall moulder into dust—but thou shalt live.

Thy memory, cherish'd in thy sacred page,
Shall last,—shall flourish in immortal bloom,—
Defying Time and Death's rapacious rage,
And bloom like Eden even in the tomb.

PRESTON.

ENJOYMENT.

Is this Earth a barren spot,
  Dark without a single ray?
Look around, and say it not,
  Beauty reigns through night and day.

Were the woods, and hills, and streams,
  Earth's soft green, and Heaven's pure blue
All the radiance of its beams;
  Formed by God, in vain for you?

Were the notes that Music wreathes,
  In her sweet enchanting chain,
All the impassioned sounds she breathes,
  Bid to flow, for you, in vain?

In the garden of the soul,
  Is there nothing to delight?
Where the sweetest passions roll,
  And the Fancy ever bright?

Love and Friendship, have not they,
  Through the coldest bosom shone,
Beamed across its ice a ray,
  Fires like these could beam alone?

True, indeed! the stain of Sin,
  We perceive upon it all;
And the best around, within,
  Bears the token o f the Fall.

We may wish for purer skies,
  Fields celestial, springs of bliss,
Yet we gratefully may prize,
  Such a lovely world as this!

We may wish for souls as chaste,
As the moon or mountain snow;
Yet each hallowed pleasure taste,
God has given to man below.

Call not earth a barren spot!
Pass it not ungrateful by!
'Tis to man a lovely lot,
Though a lovelier rests on high.

EDMESTON.

HACKNESS,

NEAR SCARBOROUGH, DESCRIBED.

Ah! what enchantment Nature's hand supplies!
What witching scen'ry decks this blest retreat!
What headlands green and promontories rise,
Of old patrician oak's the fav'rite seat!

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Go, climb the heights, when clad in twilight grey
The soft still moon pulls off the veil of night;
Thence, all these valley-dimpled plains survey,
These beaked hills with waving foliage dight,
Yon beauteous spire, the heath-impurpled moor,
And ocean slumb'ring on the distant shore.

As on we fare behold, a diff'rent scene!
Proud sylvan theatres of various shape,
With humble glens, wild and grotesque between,
Stretch'd at the broad base of each jutting cape;
Whence streams irriguous rill, and murmuring take
Their mazy progress to the living lake.

O! for some shepherd's cot, some rustic shed,
  Deep in the bosom of these peaceful vales!
Whether beneath yon mountain's† woody head,
  Or in the lone recess of Whisper-dales,‡
Where silence listens to the wood-lark's song,
And liquid lapse of rills that glide along.

Spirit of Hilda,|| guide me through thy groves,
  Through ev'ry tangled maze, and bushy dell,
The pathless haunts which Meditation loves,
  Where Innocence and careless Quiet dwell;
Here let me Wisdom's pensive steps pursue,
And bid this vain, this nauseous world adieu.

† Called Hackness-head.

‡ A beautiful Dale at the top of Long-field Valley.

|| Lady Hilda, foundress of Whitby Abbey.

Hither, of yore, when from the murky caves
Of the deep forest,† rapine's lawless crew
Rush'd forth, or pirates from the briny waves,
Hither defenceless Sanctity withdrew:
Here told his beads, and pass'd, devoid of care,
A life of praise, and penitence, and prayer.

SCOTT.

LINES

TO A BEAUTIFUL MACAW, CHAINED TO THE DOOR OF A LAPIDARY'S SHOP, SCARBOROUGH.

Well may'st thou, Poll, of thy bright plumes be vain,
Thy colours are all "warranted in grain!"
What belle, bedizen'd in her best array,
Can half thy gorgeous rainbow tints display?

† The Forest of Pickering.

All well, and *fashionably* chosen too!
Green, yellow, purple, scarlet, and sky-blue!
We modern belles on no one colour fix,
But, Tom Fool like, the whole at once we mix.
But though in beauty thou dost her out-vie,
Thou'rt not so happy as the butterfly:—
She roams at large, and wantons in the air,
While thou art chain'd to thy poor prison there!
But if thou'st not the liberty of walking,
Sure, Poll, thou takest that of talking!
Whate'er *thou* sayst, or be it right or wrong,
We must submit,—no scandal is *thy* tongue!
But, like myself, who still on nonsense doat,
'Tis all at random, Polly,—*all by* ROTE!

HERMIONE.

TO OCEAN.

Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his controul
Stops with the shore; along the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him shivering in thy playful spray
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.
Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime

The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone! BYRON.

THE CREATION

REQUIRED TO PRAISE ITS AUTHOR.

Begin my soul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,

Ye scenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wond'rous pow'r proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
While all the adoring thrones around,
His boundless mercy sing:
Let every list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode;
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
  Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades dispel!"—th' Eternal said;
At once th' involving darkness fled,
  And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
  United praise bestow:
Ye dragons sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud; and roar acclaim,
  Ye swelling deeps below.

Let ev'ry element rejoice;
Ye thunders burst with awful voice
  To Him who bids you roll:

His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise;
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing,
Ye plumy warblers of the spring,
  Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
  And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
  In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
  The general burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
  Fall prostrate at his throne:

Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal source of love,
With youth's enliv'ning fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his bless'd name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

OGILVIE.

THE DOOM OF
THE VAIN BOASTER.

Perch'd on a rock's ethereal brow,
An Eagle with imperial pride,

Surveyed the expansive plain below,
And, peering down the rugged side,
Exultingly the distance eyed
Which bore him from the vulgar crowd;
And thus, (the words by verse supplied)
Soliloquising, spoke aloud:——

"Behold where yonder grovelling crew,
"Turmoiling in the rounds of care,
"In widely-gazing wonder view
"My lone retreat thus high in air,
"And vainly wish with me to share
"The ambient regions of the sky;
"With me, the wrath of heaven to dare;
"With me, the winds and storms defy.

"With me they cannot even gaze
"Upon the glorious noon-day sun;
"Which checks by his all-powerful blaze
"The weak attempt ere well begun;
"Experience-taught, they rather shun
"Than court his soul-reviving beam;
"Whilst I, enraptured, thither run,
"And plume my pinions 'midst its stream.

"Creation's lord, high-vaunting man,
"With all the beasts of work or chase,
"Moving in so confined a space
I sure may call a reptile race:
"And even the feathered tribes give place
"To me, the sovereign of the sky;
"Emulous in vain they people space
"And but through midway regions fly.

"Behold on yonder verdant mead,
"A lamb its harmless gambols play;
"The victim soon for me shall bleed,
"When, boldly pouncing on my prey,
"I to my eyrie wing my way,
"From man and all his arts secure;
"I mock his aims; deride his sway:
"Beyond his utmost stretch of power."

Whilst thus the empty boaster spoke,
A fire-flash from a neighbouring peak
Was seen; the deafening thunder broke
So loudly, that no tongue may speak
Its awful roll;—with quivering beak
And strengthless talons tumbling fell
The sky's dread "sovereign." Dost thou seek
To know the cause? My verse shall tell.

The lordly bird had long time reign'd
The Herod of the neighbouring plains;
Had oft his murderous talons stain'd
With victims from the watchful swains'
Defenceless flocks; despite the pains
They took, still would the robber soar;
And once (as still the tale remains)
A screaming infant upward bore.

At length, to rid them from their foe,
One of the "reptile race" essayed
To strike the sure, revengeful, blow;
And, climbing by the friendley aid
Of shelving rocks, his station made
Near to the birds aërial seat;
Th' unfailing tube a ball conveyed,
And made the work of death complete.

Mortal! let the lesson teach
Thee not to make too much thy boast
Thy wealth, or power, or strength, or speech;
These are but broken reeds at most:
And ruddy health! how soon 'tis lost,
When launches Death's unerring dart;
Man, feeble man, gives up the ghost,
And only lives in Friendship's heart.
Bridlington. T.

ENQUIRY.

Father Atlas of old tried his sinews to crack
But the story, methinks, is no good one;
For, if he had all the round world on his back,
Pray, where is the ground that he stood on?
Bridlington. T.

ISRAELITES PASSING THE RED SEA.

A FRAGMENT.

For many a coal-black tribe and canny spear,
The hireling guards of Mizraim's throne, were there;
On either wing, their fiery coursers check
The parch'd and sinewy sons of Amalek;
While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
Deck'd in behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
Mid blazing helms, and bucklers rough with gold,
Saw ye how swift the sithed chariots roll'd?
Lo! these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes has pour'd through all her hundred gates—
Mother of armies!—How the emerald glow'd,
Where, flush'd with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode;

And, stoled in white, those blazing wheels before
Osiris' ark, his swarthy wizards bore:
And, still responsive to the trumpet's cry,
The priestly sistrum murmur'd, "Victory!"
Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom?
Whom come ye forth to combat? warrior, whom?
These flocks and herds, this faint and weary train,
Red from the scourge, and weary from the chain?
Friend of the poor! the poor and friendless save—
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave.
North, south, and west, the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling pale of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throng the weeping train,
Their cloudy guide moves on—and must we swim the main?

Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood.
He comes—their leader comes—the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads; the circling waves retreat,
In hoarse, deep murmurs, from his holy feet;
And the chased surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sands and coral hills below.
With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass, a steep and slippery dell;
Round them arise, in pristine chaos hurl'd,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green;
And caves, the sea-calf's low-roof'd haunts are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread,
The seething waters storm above their head;

While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.
Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night;
Still in the van along that dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of God;
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave;
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
To them alone:—for Mizraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain:
Clouds heap'd on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods along their line.

Yet on they go, by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed,
Till, midway now, that strange and fiery Form
Show'd his dread visage, light'ning through the storm,
With withering splendour blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot wheels, and marr'd their coursers' flight.
"Fly, Mizraim, fly!" The rav'nous floods they see
And fiercer than the floods, the Deity!
"Fly, Mizraim, fly!" From Edom's coral strand,
Again the Prophet stretch'd his dreadful wand;
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all its waves—a dark and lonely deep;
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swell'd the nightly blast,

And strange and sad the whispering surges bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.
O welcome came the morn, where Israel stood,
In trustless wonder, by the avenging flood!
O welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
The drifted wreck of Iran's pride below!
The mingled limbs of men, the broken car,
A few sad relics of a nation's war!
Alas, *how* few! Then, soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born Freedom fell—
And he whose harden'd heart alike had borne
The hours of bondage and th' oppressor's scorn,
The stubborn slave by Hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobb'd his gratitude.
Till, kindling into warmer zeal around,
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound;

And in fierce joy, no more by doubt suppress,
The struggling spirit throbb'd in Miriam's breast.
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Pour'd on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
"Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian spear?
On's sun like shield, and Iran's chariot, where?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread:
Shout, Israel! for the Lord hath triumphed!"
And every pause between, as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang;
And loud and far the stormy chorus spread—
"Shout, Israel! for the Lord hath triumphed!"

HEBER.

PITY.

Pity, with softening look,
  Bends o'er affliction's prey,
Assays to soothe the pang of grief
And to the sufferer's relief
  A timely balm convey.

In weeds of sable dye,
  Grief, gloomily array'd,
Would pensive sit to mourn and weep,
Whilst chilling Doubt would aid to keep
  A host of fears self-made;

But Hope, with wooing smiles,
  Her lovely presence shows,
Bids the dark visitors depart,

And kindly cheers the drooping heart,
With prospects of repose.

The stars may fade away;*
The sun forget to shine;
The moon, fair empress of the night,
In darkness veil her silvery light;
And nature's powers decline;

Yet firm Jehovah's word
For ever shall endure;
In sickness he will not forsake;
His bounteous favours all partake;
His promises are sure.

Bridlington. C.

* "The stars shall fade away, the sun itself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years."

TO HOPE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHESIUS.

As shines the beauteous morning star
While clouds of night dissolve away,
With golden rays proclaiming far
The coming of a goodly day;

So thou, when storms of life arise,
Art still the wand'rer's guide and light
And fondly paint'st him clearer skies,
With valleys green, and prospects bright;

Nor leav'st him then, but opening wide
A fairer scene upon his view,
Pourtray'st his home, where saints reside
And friends no more bid friends adieu.

GREY.

PSALM CXIV.

When from Egypta's hated plains
The hosts of Israel came;
When Jacob's race, a chosen band,
Exulting left the stranger's land,
The witness of their shame;
The God of hosts at Juda's altar stayed,
And Israel's realm his high behests obeyed.

The Ocean saw, and backward roll'd
Its ever-varying surge;
The sacred stream of Jordan stood
Awe-struck, until its refluent flood
Forsook its flowery verge;
The mountains leap'd, as leaps the horned ram,
The "little hills" skipp'd like the timorous lamb.

Why fledd'st thou Ocean? Jordan, why
Didst thou thy bed forsake?
Ye mountains, crested by the cloud,
Ye humbler hills which thickly crowd
The earth, why did you shake?
Why did you, like the shepherd's bleating care
Bound to and fro,—no danger hovering there?

Earth! didst thou tremble? tremble now,
And tremble to thy core!
For Jacob's God, with grandeur crown'd,
Thy temples fills with awe profound.
Sons of the earth, adore
The God whose breath dissolves the stony mount,
And from the flint prepares the streamlet's fount!

Bridlington. T.

THE ROSE.

Queen of fragrance, lovely rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose!
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently thro' the sky;
The lark sweet warbling on the wing,
Salutes the gay return of spring:
The silver dews, the vernal show'rs,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are cloth'd with green, or swell with buds;
Then haste thy beauties to disclose
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose!

Thou, beauteous flow'r, a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair-one's breast,

Shalt grace her hand or deck her hair,
The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair;
Breathe soft, ye winds! be calm ye skies,
Arise ye flow'ry race, arise!
And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose!
But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day;
That miracle of face must fail,
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:
Swift as the short-liv'd flow'r they fly,
At noon they bloom, at evening die:
Tho' sickness yet awhile forbears,
Yet time destroys, what sickness spares;
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name;

Time must indent that heav'nly brow,
And thou must be, what Helen's now.

This moral to the fair disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose.

BROOME.

THE DEATH OF JAÏRUS' DAUGHTER.

A FRAGMENT.

Borne on that sigh, her gentle spirit rose,
Buoyant through yon blue concave; and shook off
(Half angel, ere it fled) its beauteous clay,
To its bright home by sister-seraphs led
And by glad myriads of the sainted just,
Greeted with hymns of triumph. So the lark,
Late in some sunless cottage-nook confin'd

The toy of froward youth, if chance throw wide
It's prison-doors and bid the captive range
Free as its kindred choir, with strange delight
Hears and obeys; and, soaring to the skies,
Floats on light plume amid the liquid noon.

WRANGHAM.

THE SHIP.

The anchor's heav'd—she's under weigh,
The gallant bark swings round,
What fervent sighs on that sad day,
From lovers' lips resound!

And many a noble heart doth swell
And many a bosom bleeds
While, as they breathe a last "farewell,"
The lessening land recedes!

The wanton zephyrs round her play,
And woo her, as she laves
Her bosom in the ocean-spray,
And dances on the waves!

And long she plough'd the pathless main,
Bound strait to India's shore,
But did she e'er return again?
No never! *never* more!

The lazy billows softly sleep
They dream not of the storm,
Smooth as a glass, the dark blue deep,
Reflects her lovely form!

But tempest suddenly awakes—
The sky is overcast!
Enraged—his foaming crest he shakes,
And blows a thundering blast,

To rouse his myrmidons afar,
In their dark, viewless caves!
The ruffian winds wage instant war
Upon the "yesty waves!"

Now from his golden dream of joy,
No human succour nigh,
Awakes the hapless sailor boy,
To sad reality!

No fostering father's arms to guard,
No mother's breast to warm—
But drench'd with cold, he mounts the yard,
And braves the deafening storm.

Oh! mother in thy midnight prayer,
(He cries) remember me!
E'en now, midst horror and despair,
I supplicate for thee.

Almighty power! who ruls't the deep,
And on the storm doth ride,
Guard her! oh! may she soundly sleep,
Be every want supplied!

And if it please thee, now to take
The life which thou hast given,
Grant, Lord! for the Redeemer's sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

Behold her now, in piteous plight,
Lo! how her robes are torn,
And she a miserable sight—
Before the wild winds borne.

Her tall mast, towering to the skies,
So late her boast and pride,
Now (shivered by the lightening) lies
A wreck against her side.

Now headlong down the gulf impell'd,
(A grave awaits her there)
Now to the pitchy skies upheld,
She vaults aloft in air

Long, long she labour'd on the deep,
Bereft of every sail;
But now all hands in silence sleep,
She's founder'd in the gale.

HERMIONE.

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